# FROM OVER THE SEA training. Where's the fairness in that? No. not yet! Wait a little till they, too, are trained for this race."

BRIGHT STORIES CULLED FROM NEWSPAPERS THE WORLD OVER,

A Strange Looking Snake-In Far-Off South Africa the Journalists Tell Tall Yarn Just as Americans Do.

From the Banglok Times. On Sunday Mr. Lee discovered a peculiar looking snake in the river bed on the Bedford commonage. Investigating, he found the snake was a black ringhals, with a yellow tail at one end! He then saw that it was a case of one snake swallowing another, and the ringhals was made to dis-

cumstances. The animal is an old resident of the Phya Decho compound, Bush lane, where it occupied apartments close to Mr. Denwelaus, the new inspector of police, to whom it seemed to have become sincerely attached. As soon as the day's work was linished, it always made a bee-line for that gentleman's house; and, in case of his not being present to receive it, generally consoled itself by appropriating money and other little keensakes, destroying books. being present to receive it, generally consoled itself by appropriating money and
other little keepsakes, destroying books,
etc. These attentions became at length so
frequent and embarrassing that on Sunday
last Mr. Denwelaus lost patience when he
discovered that the monkey had made of
with his last boy of Manilas, and lodged a
complaint with the inspector of the Bangrak police station. Mr. Sheriff at once
made out a warrant for the arrest of the
delinquent and a posse of policemen proceeded to put it into execution. The monkey offered no resistence and attracted no
attention on its way to the station-people
naturally supposing that the force had got
a new recruit. The animal is now in the
Bangrak police station, in the same cell
as a Chinaman, and, as ball was refused,
it will remain in durance viie until its
forthcoming appearance in Borispah court,
No. 2.—Bangkok Correspondence North
China Mail.

Specimen of Bahoo English.

### Specimen of Baboo English. A Calcutta correspondent sends to an exchange this lovely specimen of "Baboo English." This speech was actualy made

change this lovely speckmen of Baboo English." This speech was actually made before a civilian magistrate at Bartsai a short time ago:

My learned friend with mere wind from a teapot thinks to browbeat me from my stand under the mee gorlia warfar, and only seek to place my bone of contention clearly in your honor's eyes. My learned friend hust the observe that my client is a widow—a poor chap with one post sports and the place and the place my bone of contention of the ablest mem who have been in congress. The spect than one meal a day, or to wear clean more than one meal a day

### "Let Us All Start Scratch." writer in the South African Medical Journal tells the following story, which he

heard while attending the Medical congress at Johannesburg:

It was related that a prominent member of the mining community went to Pretoric

It was related that a prominent member of the mining community went to Pretoria to interview the head of the state, and who pleaded for some lightening of the burdens under which the industry was being smothered. Said he: "You know, president, we wish to take no unfair advantage of your burghers. Let us all start scratch, and let those win who are the better men. That is all we ask."

His honor smiled slowly, and replied: "That sounds very well, indeed. But, let us think it out more. You Johannesburgers know all about horse racing. I do not approve of it; but let us use it to make plain what I wish to show you. Now, suppose you get up races, and subscribe valuable stakes for a lot of rough, pot-bellied horses from the veld. Then someone imports a racehorse, and trains him as finely as possible. Are you going to start him scratch with rest? Not a bit. There would be a heavy handicap, and little notice taken if his owner gave out that he had shocking bad treatment. You would not admit the least right of complaint. Now, is it not so with you Johannesburgers? Do you not start with the pick of European intelligence, enterprise and culture—all the advantages which God and centuries of civilization have thrust upon you? Then you want to start scratch with the sons of the soil, who, from no fault of theirs, nay rather because of their rough virtues, have never had the chance of your breeding and



during the war. When on the instant that his musket was aimed to kill a Union pick-et the latter, suddenly inspired with a sense of his own defenceless condition, began to sing those beautiful words: "Cov-er my defenceless head with the shadow of thy wing." The Confederate withheld his hand. He could not fire. The picket's

Death sometimes spares the one who seems marked to be his victim. Let no one despair, even in the darkest hour. Many a man who seemed picked out for death by consumption has found respite and safety through the use of that wonderful "Golden Medical Discovery," which Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., invented thirty years ago, and which has brought new life and hope to almost countless thousands of men and women.

Recry day brings a multitude of letters.

Every day brings a multitude of letters to Dr. Pierce, telling gratefully what his medicines and his advice have done to restore health and happiness to homes hitherto sickness and misery had reigned supreme.

reigned supreme.

A gentleman living in Stillwater, Washington County, Minnesota, Mr. C. J. McNaney, writes:
"In the spring of 1884, I was taken ill with consumption, and after trying everything I could hear of and doctoring all summer my physician said I had consumption, and that I could live but a short time. About twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery brought me out all right, and I cured myself of two more attacks of the same trouble. I am satisfied that the 'Golden Medical Discovery' will cure consumption if taken in time. I consider it the best medicine in the world for the diseases for which it is recommended."

Frightening Kangaros

In New South Wales, on the Murrumbidgee river, there dwells a German se-lector who, not having much capital to put a fence round his selection to keep off kangaroos from eating his corn of a moonlight night, used to sit on the stump of a tree watching his opportunity for a shot at any kangaroo that came his way. But finding powder and shot did not keep them away, he resolved to work on a dif-ferent plan so, accordingly set a number them away, he resolved to work on a dif-ferent plan, so accordingly set a number of traps, which he visited every morn-ing. Going his round one morning he found in one of his traps one of his unwelcome night visitors—a big kangaroo. Not know-ing in what way to serve his revenge, he put it in a small yard, and every morning he brought it grass, water and bits of bread. As days rolled by the selector began to look upon his captive as a pet instead of an enemy.

When the winter came the kangaroo suf-fered with cold: the selector, who had

time. It is written from the office of the imperial Chinese telegraphs to a Shanghai merchant, apparently to ask him for a copy of a calendar issued by his firm, and showing a view of a race course. It

and showing a view of a race course. It runs;

Dear Sir:—I beg to letter a word here, World was nothing only a large race court, how busy both the racer and inspector. I saw the race time in Shanghai, not only the spring and autumn, but both the winter, for the annual calendar preposition quickly show out, the bestower the racer, the favorer the inspector. How beautiful and neatly a calendar as you are. Will you be kind enough to bestow me few pieces. I will take great care, hanging it up in our office to remember what a lovely thing it was.

I am thirsty waiting for your favor answer and obliged. I remain, sincerely yours.

### THE SILENT MEN OF CONGRESS Three of the Representatives Have Never Been Known to Make

a Speech.

I guess Dutchess has an iron or two in the fire.

Yet another silent member is James Jerome Belden, of Syracuse—"Uncle Jimmy," as they call him at home. It would not be extravagant to say that "Uncle Jimmy" made James A. Garfield president of the United States. It was not "Old Salt"—as they called Alvord—it was not Robertson: it was not Lo Sessions, who collared Roscoe Conkling in the convention of 1880 and tors from him those nineteen votes, thereby defeating Grant. It was Belden. He looks all the strong character he is, He looks like I imagine a country gentleman in one of Colly Cibber's plays looked. He looks like I imagine a country gentleman in one of Colly Cibber's plays looked. He looks just like Squire Western would have looked when sober, if he ever was sober. He is reputed to be enormously wealthy, and comes to congress just because it is his whim to take a whirl in politics now and then.

They tell a good story on the old fellow.

finished with his tirade, and told him I would undertake the pursuit alone, and on the roother pass at on on other condition. He stared at me mement, and then told me to go ahead.

I took the best horse I could find in the town, one with plenty of bottom and a fair amount of speed, and, above all, an animal that was used to the alkali plains we would have to pass through. My outfit consisted of my Winchester, two six-shooters, a little pepper and salt, and six cans of tomatoes. It was three days after the robbery was committed that I struck the trail. Two men had been seen to cross the Little Missouri river at its western curve, due south of Andrews. It was here that the bandits made their mistake. If they had gone a little further to the west they would not have needed to ford the river, and they might have escaped observation.

Gained Steadily on the Bandits.

whim to take a whirl in politics now and then.

They tell a good story on the old fellow. He had a candidate for mayor of Syracuse, and he got licked thoroughly and completely at the spring election. "Uncle Jimmy," the day after the defeat, appeared in his seat in the house. His colleagues surrounded him, and they vindicated that French gentleman who said we can get some satisfaction out of the misfortune of our best friends. There were Jim Sherman and Jim Wadsworth and Lem Quigg and Amos Cummings and Chariey Chickering and others around the old man. "How did it happen, Uncle Jimmy?" they all exclaimed. "Damned if I know," he answered. "I gave them all the money they asked for."

# A STRANGE WAR CRY.

"Gangway" as a Slogan Proved Highly Effective in the Philippines.

Manila Correspondent in Leslie's Weekly The enemy were invisible, and shooting. That made it necessary for Uncle Sam's troopers to go on until they got near enough to get a good and close view of the enough to get a good and close view of the little brown enemy. And they did it with splendid spirit, rushing, shooting, cheering and laughing. Two companies of Cook's battalion of the Third were ordered to the left of the railroad, while the other two companies, under Captain Cook, kept to the right of the track. All four of the companies were made up mainly of "rookies," as recruits are called, but they made up in spirit what they lacked in effective drill. As the two companies to made up in spirit what they lacked in ef-tective drill. As the two companies to the left of the track, under Captain Day and Licutenant Hannay, got their first climpse of the shooting enemy their of-ficers shouted out to steady their comglimpse of the shooting enemy their officers shouted out to steady their commands. It was unnecessary. One tall
rooky, who was the first to catch sight
of the heads of the mass of Filipinos ahead,
yelled gleefully "Gangway!" With one
accord the two companies took up the
cry of "gangway" and on they rushed.
It was their slogan. They kept it up until
they reached the thrown-up dirt of the
trench and saw the Filipinos, now an irregular mass, feeing a hundred yards
ahead of them. The Filipinos gained another trench, but "gangway" was the
battle cry that drove them out of it. It
was the same with a third line of trenches.
Parenthetically, it is understood, of course,
that our boys shot off something besides
"gangway" Dead and wounded Filipinos
strewed the ground and filled the trenches.
Our losses all along the line that day were
triffing by comparison. Day's and Hannay's companies, for instance, which suffered rather more than the average losses,
had five men killed and eleven wounded.
But that cry of "gangway" is famous over
in the Filipinos lines. Insurgents who have
been brought in either as wounded or prisoners have inquired eagerly the meaning
and potency of that mysterious Yankee
word which Invariably preceded a Filipino
retreat. And so the Third has contributed
another tamous word to the technical slang
of the American soldier.

The Honeymoon Had Set Forever.

### The Honeymoon Had Set Forever. From Puck.

"Why don't you get dinner?" he asked.
"You didn't marry a cook," she replied, simply.
Time passes. It is now the dead of night, and muffled footfalls are heard.
"Why don't you go and drive the burglars away?" she exclaimed.
"You didn't warmed. away?" she exclaimed.
"You didn't marry a policeman," he said.

A Chance for Justice.

From the Chicago Record. From the Chicago Record.
"The prisoner claims he has a mania for kidnaping."
"Then let him be tried by a jury with a property of the sentences."

# A CHASE FOR BANDITS

SECRET SERVICE MAN'S STORY OF CAPTURE IN MONTANA.

and Her Pal Held Up an Express Train in Dakota-Fled Across Prairie.

From the Washington Post. "Detective methods out West differ from those employed in the East," said Mr. J. A. Mahone, of the United States been a soldier in his country, happened to have a soldier's suit, which was of no use to him, and he made of it a kind of a suit for the kangaroo, who, no doubt, won-dered his that was the name by which the officer was introduced to the Post reporter, but, suit for the kangaroo, who, no doubt, won-dered his transport of the country to the country of the country of

other, and the ringhals was made to discorpe, with the result that a yellow tree shade was withdrawn from the interior of the ringhals. The ringhals measured four feet six inches, and the boomslang six feet, so that the former managed to the stown away five feet six inches of the latter, and might have swallowed the other six and might have swallowed the other six inches of the latter, and might have swallowed the other six inches of the latter, and might have swallowed the other six inches of the latter, and might have swallowed the other six shown as an away five feet six inches of the latter, and might have swallowed the other six shown away five feet six inches of the latter, and might have swallowed the other six shown as an away five feet six inches of the latter, and might have swallowed the other six shown as a same of the mob as fast as possible. The mob, hearing the quick their exits. Some days afterward, discorptive fermy Mail, South Africa.

Tale of a Monkey.

The large male monkey belonging to Police, to Whom it seemed to have become sincerely attached. As soon as the day's work was tinished, it always made a bee-line for that gentleman's house; and, in case of his sort being present to receive it, generally consoled itself by appropriating money and other little keensyles destroying backs.

## May Face a Winchester Barrel.

"You simply saddle your horse and trail the fellows, like some old frontiersman in pursuit of a band of Sioux. You don't know the name of your man. You haven't the slightest idea whether he is red headed, wears false teeth, and talks with a gentle brogue. You merely know that a crime has been committed by some daredevil fel-low, that he rides like the wind, shoots

low, that he rides like the wind, shoots with unerring aim, and that if you run onto him without due preparation you are liable to have your eyes fastened on the gleam of a Winchester barrel as you look your last on earth.

"Did I ever go out on such a chase? Well, rather, I remember one where I followed a pair for thirty-three days without even getting a sight of them. It was not a question of being a Lecocq or an 'Old Sleuth.' It was a plain case of keeping the scent like a foxhound, noting every fresh footprint in the sand, and every overturned rock on the mountain side. I had to undergo hunger and thirst, while the brave little beast I rode staggered with its tongue lolling from its mouth for the lack of a drink of water. But it was a great chase, and I won out.

"Perhaps you don't remember the time

Gained Steadily on the Bandits. "I went down to the ford and the report was corroborated. The description of the robbers was the same as had been given by the engineer and fireman. They

of the robbers was the same as had been given by the engineer and fireman. They were at least three days in the lead, and I started to make up the ground. It would be tedious to tell how I gained on them, hour by hour, but by the time I reached Pretty Butte, one of the landmarks of Western North Dakota, I found that they were only two days ahead of me. After I passed Pretty Butte my troubles commenced. I struck a stretch of the alkali desert. There was an end-less stretch of white, bilinding soil, relieved occasionally by a struggling sage busil. Sometimes I would find water, clear, cold, sparkling pools of it, but it was poisonous as the brine of the ocean. "I was somewhat in the fix of Jold Tantalus, with water everywhere, but not one drop to drink. My horse finally became crazed from thirst, and rushed madly to the seductive pools, and I nearly lost my life once or twice in my efforts to stop him. It was here that my tomatoes came into play. I had anticipated just this sort of thing when I put them in my commissary. I would lay a can of the vegetables in the ley cold water and cool it thoroughly. Then I would open the can and drink the juice, and quench my thirst for six or seven hours. A gallon of water would not have satisfied me as thoroughly as the liquid in a half can of tomatoes. For food I had to content myself with bagging an occasional sage hen, as it laxily fluttered about among the bushes. All this time I was gaining on the robbers. How they got through I never could imagine, for I thought I was inured to hurdships, and did not believe there was a man in the West who could stand as much as I could.

"At lest I saw that the trail led toward."

Near the Shanty of a Swede. "At last I saw that the trail led toward the Little Missouri in a straggling westthe Little Missouri in a straggling west-ward route. I had not seen a human being for ten days, and I was never so much de-lighted in my life as when I came across a log shanty near the river. It was occupied by a lonely little Swede, and I asked him if he had seen any one pass that way. He stared at me stupidly for a moment. "Yah. Aye saw two peoples coom bave "Yah, Aye saw two peoples coom baye here yesterday in de mornings."
"I asked him to describe them as well as he could, at the same time keeping back as well as I could the fact that I was very much interested. The Swede blinked foolmuch interested. The Swede blinked fool-ishly, and I had to repeat the question. "'Oh, dey ben dressed like a man and a wooman,' he answered. "'What do you mean?' I asked with im-patience.

"What do you mean?" I asked with impatience.

"'Aye mean what Aye say. Dey ben dressed like a man and wooman."

"You mean two men, don't you?" I asked, puzzled to know what the fellow was trying to get at.

"You ben a fool," answered the Swede, getting a trifie excited. "You tank Aye don't know a man from wooman?"

"I saw that the fellow was dead in earnest, and that somehow or other there was a woman in the case. I forded the river and pushed on as rapidly as I could. I inquired the next day or so from people I met on the road whether they had seen a man and woman pass that way, and the answers I received confirmed the Swede's statement. I was up against it at last. I had never heard of a female train robber in all my experiences, but here was one who was evidently onto her job. Part of the time the trail led over rough foothilis, and at times the fugitives would take the onen road. I had the advantage in the respect that they had not the slightest idea that they were being pursued; but I knew that they would never relax their watchfulness for an instant.

Ran Into a Blind Canon.

that they would never relax their watchfulness for an instant.

Ran Into a Blind Canon.

"At last I saw that they were making"

"At last I saw that they were making you gave it away."

for the Wolf mountains in Montana. It was evident to me that they were striving to reach friends, and I knew I must catch them before they got to them. I had been just thirty days on the chase when I crossed the Cheyenne fork of Tongue river. My people were only a few hours ahead of me, but I found that they had changed horses, and were riding like the very devil himself. My poor beast was frightfully jaded, and I thought several times of trading him off, but I could hardly bring myself to the point, I knew the Wolf mountains like a book, and the deep gorges and precipitous canyons were more friendly to me than to the fugitives for I saw that they were wandering hopelessly. On the afternoon of the thirty-second day they ran into a blind canyon, and I knew I had them.

"I had seen the remains of fires they had lit, and I thought I would be able to trace them by the gleam of the one they had that night. As luck would have it, they did not light any fire that evening, and while I was leading my horse carefully along the mountain, I saw that they were camped about fifty yards below me, down in the valley.

"The bandit and his female companion "The work of a provost marshal during "The work of a

the fireplace. He began: "The work of a provost marshal during

were sleeping in a tiny shelter tent which they had bought some place along the route. Their horses were picketed within thirty feet of them. I was afraid that my horse would neigh, and I took off his saddle and put the sack I had under it over his head. I waited the whole right through, watchful the whole time. It was absolute. the '60s had its hardships and dangers, as well as service in the field. In 1864 I was in charge of a district in the northern part of Pennsylvania, where a majority of the inhabitants were well disposed, even if somewhat indifferent, as to the outcome of ms nead, I waited the whole night through, watchful the whole time. It was absolutely useless to think of attacking them in the dark, but I crept down to within ten yards of the tent and sat behind a tree till dawn. the great struggle between the North and South. There were a few, however, who were troublesome. I remember two brothers named Mulier, who gave me a particularly exciting time upon one occasion. Both had been drafted and both refused to come down from their place on the mountain to be mustered in. Woman First to Appear. "Just as the first streak of the morning

"Just as the first streak of the morning light appeared in the east, the woman, a coarse-featured type of the rough females to be seen about mining camps, shoved her head out of the tent. She peered around cautiously, and then walked boldly to where the horses were tied. As she was coming back she caught sight of me, sitting by the tree, with my rifle on my knee to go by the tree, with my rifle on my knee to go by the tree, with my rifle on my knee to go by the tree, with my rifle on my knee to go be did the nerviest thing I ever saw anyone do. She never appeared to notice me and pursued her way to the tent. I was too foxy there, however. I saw the time had come, and I drew a dead bend on her and told her to halt. She saw the jig was up, and she stopped, but she called out:

"Jim. save yourself, the marshals are here. Then she stood there and faced me defamily.

"The tent, a frail thing hardly larger to be seen about mining to mustered in. The roads were wretched and it took a morning's hard work to get back to their cabin, but at last our tired horses brought us out into their clearing. Across the open ground, about midway from east too foxy there, however. I saw the time had come, and I drew a dead bend on her and told her to halt. She saw the jig was up, and she stopped, but she called out:

"Jim. save yourself, the marshals are here. Then she stood there and faced me defamily.

"The tent, a frail thing hardly larger than a road-alized headly state of the woods, and, dropping the little stream to cross, when they reappeared with guns in their hands."

"Sam, the taller of the two brothers."

when they reappeared with guns in their hands.

"The tept, a frail thing hardly larger than a good-sized handkerchief, flooped down in an instant and beneath its folds a saw the straigeling legs of a man.

"Tye got you, Jim," I called out. "If you make another move, I'll fill your hide full of lead." I saw that the woman was unarmed, and I aimed my Winchester straight at the heap of canvas. I was a peephole through the cloth and nail me with his six-shooter.

Promised to Surrender.

"The woman made a howl when I made the movement, and told Jim that they had better surrender. He answered with a muffel ded voice that he gave up. I told him to fled voice that he gave up. Then I here would carry out their threat to fire on us if we attempted to cross the creek.

When they reappeared with guns in their hands.

"Sam. the taller of the two brothers, waved his weapon and shouted, 'Pull up!" Seeing that they were in an ugly mood, I ordered a halt for a parley.

"Don't you cross that crick,' shouted am; 'that's a dead line. You leave us alone and we'll leave you alone."

"Well, the long-range argument that ensued was fruitless of results. They were to the defense of their country. Sheltered by the thick log walls of their cabin, they were not as much afraid of tus as we in our exposed position were afraid of them. I knew their reputation for recklessness, and didn't doubt for a moment but what they would carry out their threat to fire on us if we attempted to cross the creek.

## How It Looked.

better surrender. He answered with a muffled voice that he gave up. I told him to
keep quiet and not make a move. Then I
tied the hands of the woman with a piece
of the rope by which the robbers' horses
were picketed, and turned my attention to
the man. He was a big, dangerous looking customer, and I had a notion to knock
him in the head when I pulled the tent
off him. He had not been able to get hold
of his gun, or I would have had trouble
with him. I tied him up, however, and
marched the two down to a logging camp
on Tongue river. "It looked as though we would have to give it up as a bad job and return empty handed, when my eye lighted on a heavy timber cart that stood off to the right near the edge of the woods and on our side o

the man. He was a big, dangerous look him in the head when I pulled the tent off him. He had not been able to get held of his gun, or I would have had trouble with him. I tied him up, however, and marched the two down to a logging camp on Tongue river.

"From there it was easy to get them to a biga sock, which the man had carried behin his smidt. The han had carried behin his smidt. The had had had been his first words on landing.

The Famous Poet's Love of Sketching — A Romaneer Even With His period of incessant labor, once a year, to thought for drawing. "I must set to work and make some money," had been his first words on landing.

The first years of exile, during his stay at Jersey, Victor Hugo had no time or thought for drawing. "I must set to work and make some money," had been his first words on landing.

T

# A Fusillade of Shots.

to the card the appearance of those title pages for books so in fashion during the romantic era. For that matter, Victor Hu-go has not disdained to compose title pages, with his name thus inscribed, for such pop-ular works of his as "Le Rhin." Seldom,

if ever, any poetry was written on these cards, which seems curious, for he mus

have known how much more valuable these souvenirs would have been to his friends

QUEER FACTS ABOUT CROOKS.

More Women Than Men Are Incur-

able and Poverty Is Greatest Cause of Crime.

There are many more male criminals

Among "incurable" prisoners, however, are usually reckoned more women than

Sure to Awake.

"How do you manage to wake up so early in the mornings?"
"Oh, I make myself believe that every morning is Sunday morning, and that I may sieep if I want to. Try the scheme; it's great."

His Compliment.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

From the Boston Globe.

From the New York Sun.

than female.

"Hurrying from the cabin to prevent their escaping to the ground, we were greeted by a fusillade of shots which drove u

by a fusillade of shots which drove us quickly indoors again.

"The situation now presented a changed and somewhat humorous aspect. The Mullers were still prisoners, to be sure, for the windows and door enabled us to command all sides of the cabin with our carbines; but we were no less captives than they.

"A council of war was held. They couldn't get away; we couldn't get away; nor could we get at them except at a great disadvantage. Night would bring no change, for it was full moon, and outside of the immediate shadow of the cabin it would be aimost as light as day. Our hasty conference resulted in the decision to wait for hunger to bring them into submission.

mission.
"It was now long past noon and finding some cold potatoes and dry bread we made mission.

"It was now long past noon and finding some cold potatoes and dry bread we made out a meager meal as we stood on guard. The afternoon passed: evening came, and almost before the glow in the west was gone the moon rose.

"There was still a plentiful supply of bread and potatoes, so we did not lack for supper. An invitation to our friends above to come down and join us was replied to in language which I will not repeat. After a time we heard them moving uneasily about, but a warning to be careful not to fall off quieted them down.

"It was a long and weary night's vigil, for only one of us could be off duty at a time. At last morning came. Hoping that eighteen hours' fasting and reflection had brought them into a more reasonable frame of mind, I went to the door just as the sun was peeping over the eastern horizon and asked the enemy down to breakfast. After a moment a voice answered:

"Sav cantain."

cards. Which seems curious, for he must have known how much more valuable these souvenirs would have been to his friends by a brace of verses composed specially for them. The date was generally written in diminished figures, as if with the intention of putting aside the character of the anniversary. Yet on one of them we read a frank proclamation of the flight of time—"the thirteenth year of absence," says the carte-de-visite sent in 1864 to his old friend, Paul Meurice. The illusion that every one proscribed entertains at first, belleving that exile is not to last, had waned; nothing seemed to call him back to France, and, as he often said to his friends, he had made up his mind to die at Guernsey.

At the time this carte-de-visite was sent, he had resumed his everyday practice of sketching. This particular design shows well with what ease it has been blocked in. Indeed, what was said above relative to Victor Hugo's bolder and freer form of expression in literature, dating from the first years of his exile, can also be said about his artistic endeavors. The state of his mind exerted its influence over every manifestation of his thought. All there was of timidity in his early drawings had entirely disappeared. We cannot quite say that there was in these drawings the sureness of a professional artist; that would be saying too much, for Victor Hugo drew very much after the fashion of children, who smear a tree, when dissatisfied with it, into a cloud. He made a copious use of timed water—in fact, of anything that was at hand, where a remnant of coffee left in his cup, so his drawings often culminated in something quite different from what he intended at first. But for all that, he proceeded with the splendid carelessness of a man more practiced than he was in reality, and his amateurship was characterized by such dash that it frequently gives us the illusion of mastery. swered:
"'Say, captain.'
"'Well?"

"We've got enough of this."
"'Very well,' I returned; 'you know wha

"'Very well, I returned, you know what
to do."
"'We'll give up."
"'All right, said I, but no tricks, Throw
down your guns outside and come down
yourselves inside."
"'Down the guns came with a crash, and
then through the hole from the loft dropped the end of the ladder.
"And that is how we got the Muller
hoys."

A Western Cowcatcher. From the Chicago News.

men.

Well educated persons are seldom found in prison; when they get behind the bars it is usually by fraud or forgery.

Not half the people who go to prison are confirmed criminals. Many reform after one or two or even three sentences.

Whipping is more dreaded by criminals than any amount of imprisonment.

The worst grumblers in fall are not fallen gentlefold, but ladles' madds and butlers.

Drink is the great cause of crime, gambling provokes embezzlements and breaches of trust.

Poverty directly causes almost no crime. This is creditable to human nature.

Indirectly, however, poverty leads to poor nourishment, and this in turn often leads to alcoholism and crime.

The three things that burglars most dread are the "twinkler," "tinkler" and "taller"—the night light, the bell attached to a window sash, and the little dog. Big dogs are not so apt to prevent burglary.

The diminution of crime is due to the work of societies which aim to care for street children rather than to punishment. Indeed, crime is proportionally much less common than when punishments were more brutal and less humanely administered. From the Chicago News.

"Pardon me," said the tourist, as he gazed at the country's first locomotive, "but why is that lasso hanging under the smokestack?"

"That," responded Amber Pete, acting engineer, "is the cowcatcher. Thar was an iron concern that came with the engine, but the boys didn't exactly understand how it could catch a cow, so they unscrewed it and put on one that they knew something about. It's the best cowcatcher this side of Denver, too."

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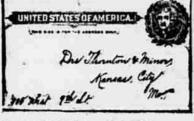
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